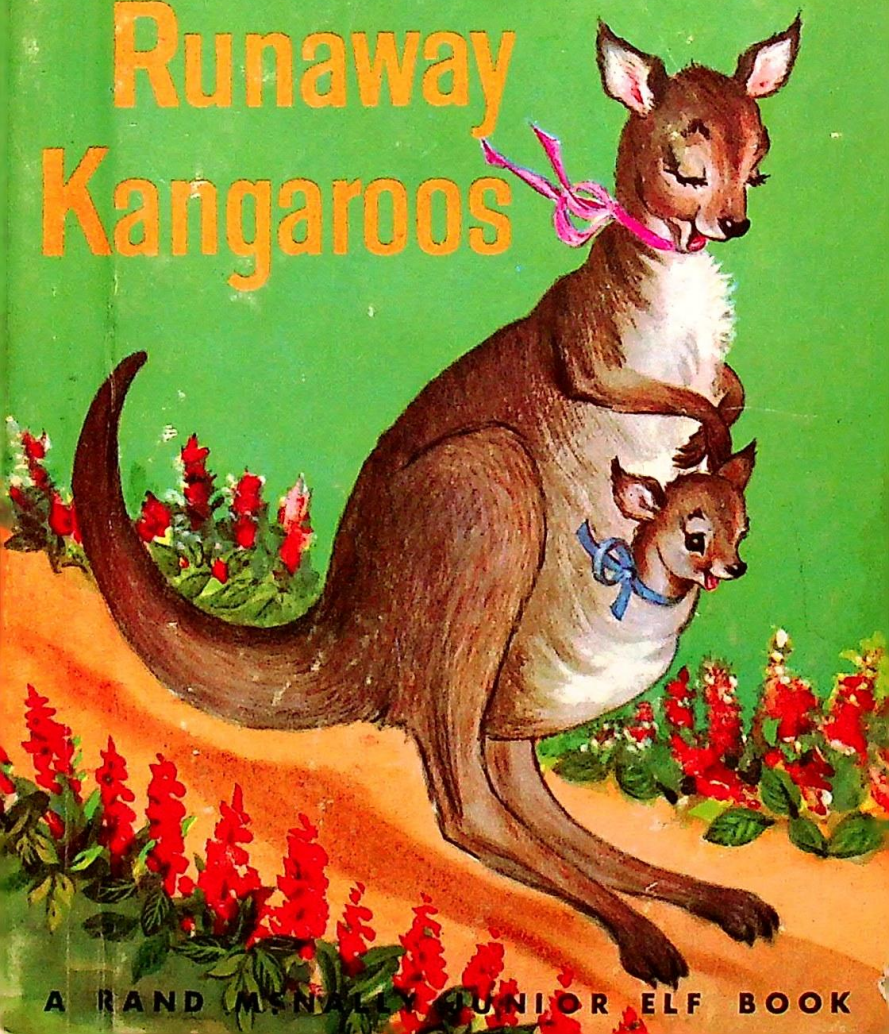


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the Runaway Kangaroos



A RAND McNALLY JUNIOR ELF BOOK



To Mark
From Grandma
April 20. 66

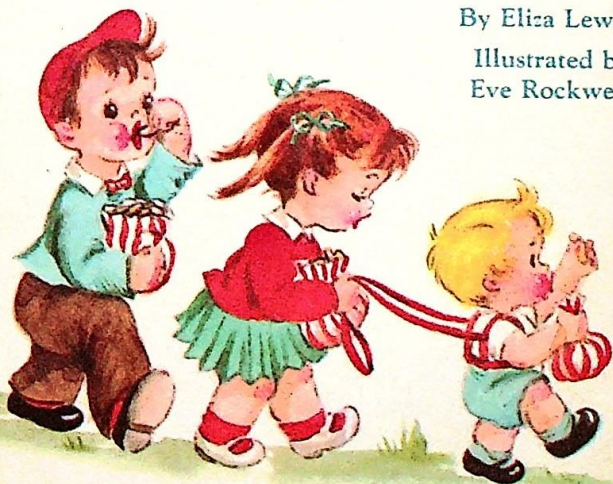




The Runaway Kangaroos

By Eliza Lewis

Illustrated by
Eve Rockwell

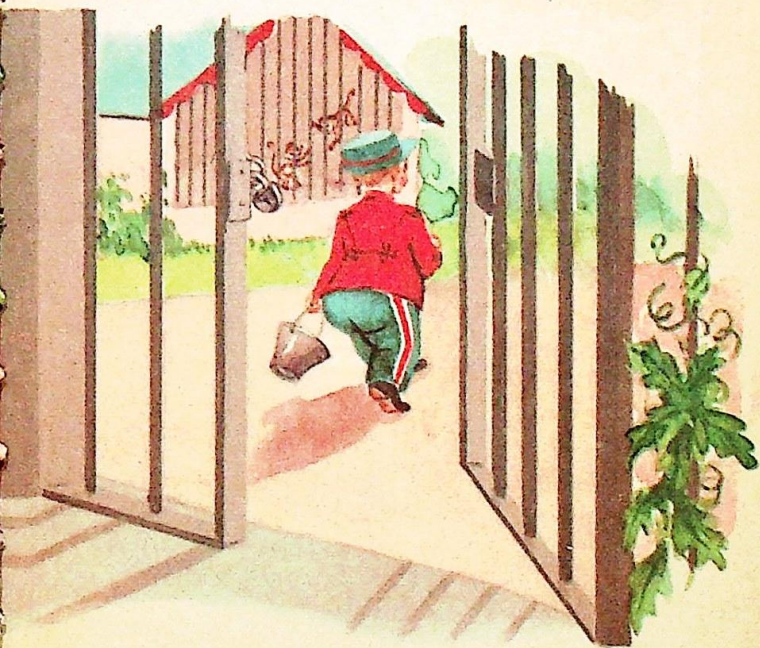


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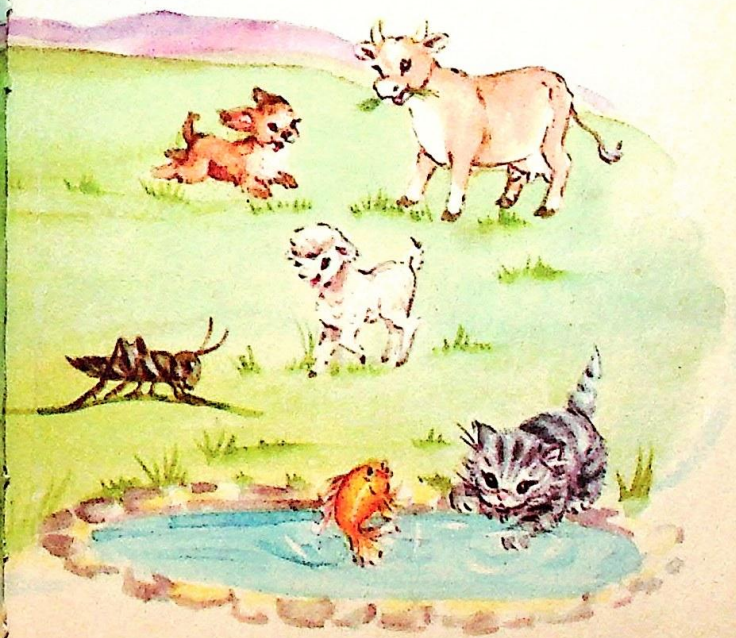


MRS. KANGAROO lived in a kangaroo zoo. Her son Fred lived in her pocket. One day the zoo-keeper forgot to close the door of the kangaroos' cage.

Fred begged his mother to take him outside so that he could see what the world was like. Mrs. Kangaroo said there

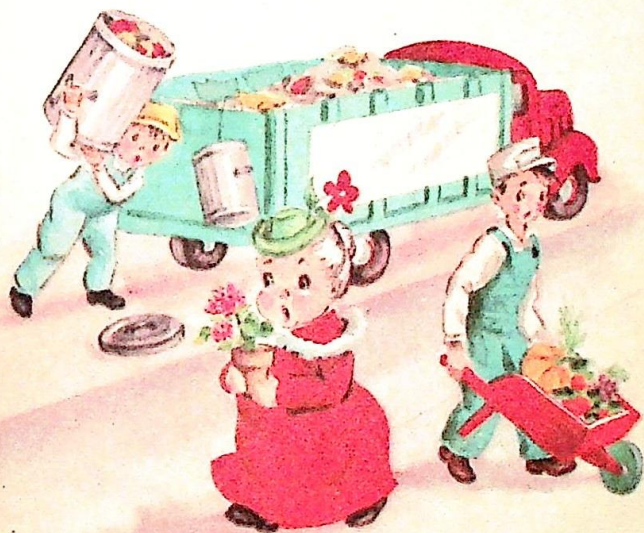


was nothing in the world but
people and animals and houses
and cars and hills and ponds
and grasshoppers and goldfish



and things like that. But Fred
begged and begged until his
mother hopped outside and
down the street.





Fred leaned way out of his mother's pocket. He saw a garbage truck and a man with a wheelbarrow and a lady with a geranium in a pot. Then he saw



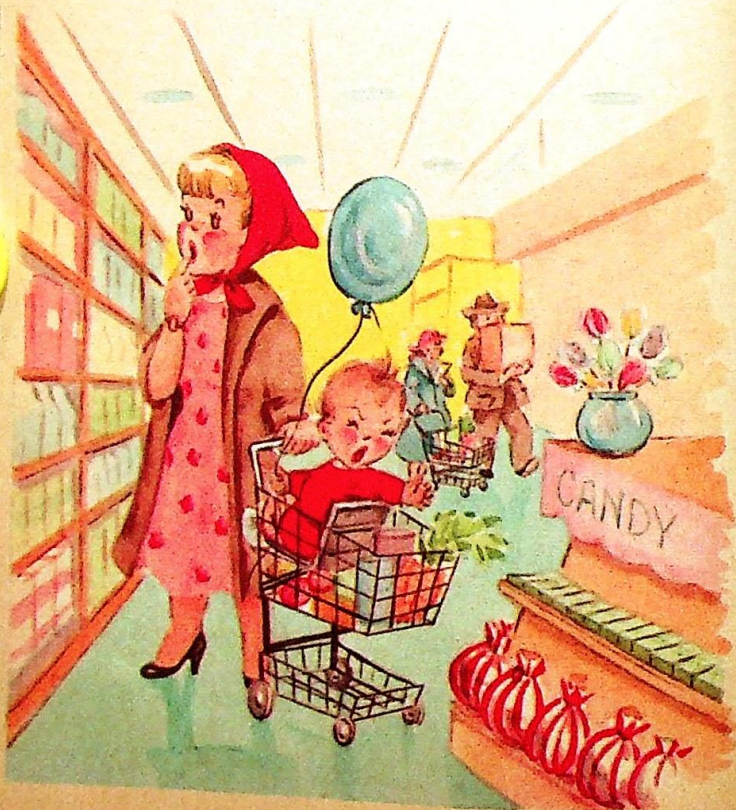
a big new building. "Let's see who lives in that house," he said.

Mrs. Kangaroo hopped up to the glass doors so that Fred



could peep inside. The doors opened all by themselves. Mrs. Kangaroo hopped in. Everywhere there were cans and jars

and bags and boxes of things
to eat. People were pushing
carts around. It wasn't a house
at all. It was a supermarket!





Mrs. Briggs was just coming out. "Hello," Fred said politely. Mrs. Briggs didn't have her glasses on. She thought Mrs.



Kangaroo was her friend Mrs. Dobbs. And she thought Fred was Mrs. Dobbs' purse. "Hello, Mrs. Dobbs. What a fine new purse you have!" she said.

Mrs. Kangaroo hopped up and down the aisles of the supermarket so that Fred could see everything. Fred saw a pile of grapefruit. "I want one of those balls to play with," he said.

"No, Fred, they belong to the children who live in this funny house," said Mrs. Kangaroo.

She took him to the bakery department. Fred sniffed at one package of chocolate cookies so hard that it fell off the shelf. Mrs. Kangaroo put the package back.



Then Fred saw a big pile of wastebaskets. He asked his mother to hop over to them so that he could see what they were.



But Mrs. Kangaroo bumped into the wastebaskets and down came the whole pile. One of the baskets fell on her head upside down.



Just then the manager came running up with a policeman. "Hey you! Get out of my supermarket," he shouted.

Mrs. Kangaroo ran. Fred told her where to go because she couldn't see a thing with the wastebasket on her head. They



raced around and around the supermarket with the manager and the policeman after them. They were lost. They couldn't find the door.





At last Fred thought he saw the door on the other side of a row of shelves. "JUMP, MOM," he shouted.

Mrs. Kangaroo jumped. She sailed over the shelves and came down on top of an empty cart. The cart shot ahead with



the kangaroos in it. It whizzed down an aisle right into the manager and the policeman. The manager took the waste-





basket off Mrs. Kangaroo's head and put it back where it belonged. The policeman walked her outside. He put her and

Fred in the sidecar of his
motorcycle.

"Whee-ee-ee-ee-ee" went the
siren on the motorcycle. And
away the kangaroos went!



The zookeeper was so glad to see the kangaroos coming back that he kissed Mrs. Kangaroo on the ear. He kissed Fred on his nose.





Mrs. Kangaroo hopped into her cage. "My, how good it is to be home again," she said.

Fred was the kind of little



kangaroo who never says very much. But this time he said quite a lot. What he said was this, "It was nice seeing all

those wonderful things out in the world. But the nicest thing in it is being back home again!"



And then Fred curled himself into a comfortable little ball in his mother's pocket and fell fast asleep.











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